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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE RETURN
He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh, for a draught of those fountains
sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy!"

He roamed the fields, he mused by the streams
He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold earth!
In sorrow he learned thy truth—
One may go back to the place of his birth—
He can not go back to his youth.

—John Burroughs.

NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE.

By Malcolm E. Moran

"See this morning's paper?" Mr. Cunningham asked.

"I glanced through it coming down on the car, sir," Tad Brownlee replied.

"Noticed the Associated Architects contest, I suppose?" Mr. Cunningham had hung his coat on the back of the door and was slipping on his black sleeve covers.

"Yes, sir," Tad replied. "It will be a great thing for some fellow." Mr. Cunningham glanced across the top of his glasses at the younger man. "You're going to have a crack at it, aren't you?" he asked.

Tad Brownlee pushed the point of his pen slowly round the head of a thumb tack. "I'd like to mighty well," he said. "But—but I don't think I ought to try."

"For goodness' sake, why? Between what you've dug out of library books, what you've learned from practical experience and what I've given you, you've a better training than ninety per cent of the boys at Tech; and you have the natural eye and ability of an architect. Remember that age limit bars most professionals."

"Yes, I know; it isn't that. I'm conceited enough to think that I'd have a fair chance of winning. But you see, mother—well, since father died, we've had to sail pretty close, and she needs my help."

"Two years in Europe is a big thing for an architect."

"I know, sir, but I'm afraid it's impossible."

"But nothing's impossible, Brownlee!"

For a moment Tad stared silently at the bent back of the man across from him. Ordinarily Mr. Cunningham's advice was pretty sound, but that last remark did not seem so, or, at least, it did not sound practical. Tad could not see how he could leave his mother for two whole years without income while he went off to Europe to study architecture. Half an hour of silence followed. Then, after clearing his throat once or twice, Mr. Cunningham looked up.

"Let your work slide for a few minutes, Tad," he said. "I have a proposition to make you." He came over and stood beside the boy's table. "You've been working here with me more than three years now," he went on. "I've watched you closely and know that you have remarkable ability; it would be a shame for you not to have the advantage of studying abroad. Here's my proposition. You go in for this cottage contest, and if you win the prize I'll pay you your present salary while you are away, in order to be sure of having you back in my office for a partner when you return."

"But you can't afford to do that, Mr. Cunningham!" Tad exclaimed.

"It's a good investment for two reasons—first, the publicity I get by having a man from my office win; second, the assurance of a good team mate to shoulder the weight of the work two years from now."

Tad bit the end of his pencil thoughtfully for a moment. Opportunity was certainly knocking heavily at his door. He could not let the chance pass. He extended his hand. "It's go, sir; only we'll consider the money a loan to be paid back within two years after the partnership is formed. It's mighty good of you."

From that day Tad worked on his Columbine Cottage every evening and part of the noon hours. Finally, the last plate was finished. As he bent above it he was very happy. It was eleven o'clock, and he would have to go home in the rain without his overcoat, but what he had done was well worth it. Mr. Cunningham

had looked the plans over just before he left and had praised them enthusiastically and confidently. In the morning Tad would send in the precious drawings. They would get to the committee with a day to spare, he figured. A week later he would know the decision.

A drop of water struck the back of his neck and ran down under his collar. He looked up. Another drop was already forming in the centre of the wet spot on the ceiling directly over the drafting table. He watched it grow large, stretch downward, and fall. It seemed to hypnotize him. But as it broke against the unroofed surface of the treasured cottage, he snatched up a blotter and quickly absorbed the bits of moisture.

Morris must have left his window open," the boy said to himself. He grasped the edge of the heavy table and was about to drag it to one side, then stopped, emptied a green pottery bowl and placed it over the wet spot. "That'll keep it from draining through ten floors to the basement; I'll hike up and cut off the supply."

As he turned, another drop fell from the plaster and struck squarely in the bowl.

The windows in the James Building were made up of two large sashes, each which contained a single pane of heavy plate glass. Both could be raised and lowered easily because of old-fashioned counterweights that ran up and down in the casing. But a sash cord had apparently broken in Morris's office, and the upper half of the window had dropped to a position only a couple of inches higher than the lower.

Tad tried to push it up, but could not move it. He hooked the fingers of both hands over the top of the lower sash and pulled himself to a standing position on the broad window sill. But as his weight jerked inward on the lower sash the upper sash slipped downward, and the sharp edge of its moulding cut tight across the knuckles of both hands. He was held securely.

It was several minutes before the boy realized the awkwardness of his position. He pulled until the joints of his fingers ached and jerked until they were bleeding. It was no use. The sharp edge of the moulding pressed against his knuckles with all the weight of the heavy window, and he could not pull his fingers out to the trap. He stood for a time contemplating the situation. There was no particular danger connected with it; sometime early in the morning the janitor would come in to clean up the office. But meanwhile the rain was beating on him and drenching him to the skin. And in the room below, drop by drop, the little green bowl was filling.

He tried to estimate how long it would be before the bowl overflowed. The drops were falling at about twelve a minute, he thought. Roughly, there must be about eighteen drops to a teaspoon; he guessed that the bowl would hold sixty spoonfuls before the water would spatter out on the drawing. That gave him an hour and a half in which to free himself. If he did not get out of the trap in that time the water almost certainly would overflow the bowl and ruin the drawing; and in the day that remained before the contest closed he could not possibly make another. About fifteen minutes of the hour and a half had already gone, he thought.

It was useless to try to lift the heavy sash with the backs of his finger tips or by pulling upon it with his teeth. He leaned forward and saw the theatre crowd on the sidewalk far below. If he could only attract some one's attention! He whistled shrilly, but no one even paused. Then he remembered the pencil stuck above his ear. Perhaps if some one would look up, he pushed it loose with his shoulder and watched it whirl downward toward the light. As it struck the pavement a pedestrian stopped, picked it up and looked to see where it came from. Tad waved his head violently, but uselessly. The man stuck the pencil in his pocket and went on his way.

The boy was in despair. Then Mr. Cunningham's words came back to him: "Nothing's impossible, Brownlee!" Tad smiled grimly. "I'd like to see how he'd figure this out," he muttered. "But there must be a solu-

tion," he added, with fresh determination.

He glanced down at his feet. If he kicked out the glass, that would certainly attract attention from below—and possibly kill some one. No, he could not take that chance. But he must hurry. A great deal of time had passed. Probably the drops had quickened. Maybe even now—Like a flash, it was all clear to him. Why had he not thought of it before?

With the toe of his shoe he tapped gently at the inner panel until a corner cracked across and fell out. Nervously he watched it drop back, slide under the bottom of the outer sash and rest on the cement ledge. Then he pushed the toe of his shoe through the opening, squeezed the end of the wide sole under the edge of the outer sash—it went just far enough to give the necessary purchase—and pried upward. As the moulding rose slightly he jerked his fingers free. In a few seconds he had slipped the last plate of Columbine Cottage from under the half-filled bowl!

A week later he was receiving congratulations.

"As soon as you get to London," Mr. Cunningham said, "I want you to do something for me, if you possibly can. You may have trouble—"

"Nothing's impossible," Tad reminded him.

A Modern Pirate

The Arab is still a pirate at heart. Though his methods have changed since the days when the pirate states of Barbary dominated the Mediterranean, he still has his eye on the next man's purse. The wily old Arab guide that Mr. Willard Price tells about in Travel was in point of aravite and guile a worthy descendant of the ancient corsairs.

One evening, says Mr. Price, while I was in a hotel at Tunis an Englishman whom I did not know came to my table. "Did you know that your guide is a notorious character?" he asked.

I did not know it. I knew only that Okba, my guide, had a chest like a bantam's and a step like a peacock's.

"You will do well to keep him," said the Englishman. "He has such a kindly manner that he can get you into places that are closed to other guides. But don't let him fool you with any stories."

Then he told me how Okba had become notorious. A wealthy English family had come to Tunis in their private yacht. The blood of Okba's pirate ancestors at once began to stir in his veins. He borrowed some magnificent clothes and garbed his imposing figure in them. Then he went to the rich Englishman and told him that he was the son of the Bey—for the Bey of Tunis still exists as a figurehead under the French protectorate.

"The Bey has known of your coming," said Okba, "and regrets exceedingly that it has been necessary for him to leave the city. However, he has requested that I personally conduct you through his palace and show you the wonders of Tunis."

Anyone may go through the less private parts of the Bey's palace, but the visitors did not know it. They were flattered at the thought of being conducted through the Bey's own mansion by the Bey's own son!

For two days the proud young "heir to the beydom" feasted his guests in the best hotels, but never in the palace. He explained that the Bey's brother had just died and that the palace was in mourning.

When the Englishmen heard of this, they departed he said, "Is there not some return we can make for your very great kindness to us?"

"Your presence in our city is a more than sufficient return," Okba replied grantly.

"But surely you will permit us to cover the bare cost of our entertainment," and the Englishman proffered three hundred francs.

Okba was terribly shocked and pained. The Englishman, perceiving how deeply he had pierced his host's sensitive soul, made profuse apologies. "The 'Bey's son' gradually softened. "I pardon your error," he said at last. "And I will let you do as you wish, but not quite in the way you suggest. For myself or my father I can accept nothing."

But my father has a chest for the poor."

The Englishman pressed into Okba's hands five thousand francs "for the poor."

When the Bey learned that Okba had posed as his son he sent him to prison for three years. I remember that when Okba took me through the public parts of the Bey's place the guards continually joked him.

Perhaps they were inquiring after the welfare of the "Bey's son" and asking how much the American was to contribute to the "poor chest."

ROBERT E. LEE IN HISTORY.

Gammel Bradford writing in the New York Times Magazine gives a Northerner's estimate of the famous southern general, brought to the front of discussion again by the announcement that William Harris has in preparation John Drinkwater's "Robert E. Lee." Mr. Bradford writes in part:

"M. Drinkwater's dramatic representation of General Lee is bound to draw popular attention to one of the greatest figures in American history. The citizens of the Northern States are apt to think of him merely as an able soldier who fought against his country. It is perhaps well to present some considerations of rectification and consideration in this matter and bring out clearly Lee's high claims to the respect and love of his fellow countrymen everywhere."

"The enthusiasm of the South for Lee as a general goes without saying: 'I think I put it very conservatively when I say that he had proved himself the greatest soldier of the war, is not of history' is the general tone. But the commendation of unprejudiced foreign military students is almost as ardent. The English Henderson, whose 'Life of Jackson' remains one of the most competent books about the Civil War, is unstinted in his praise of Lee and Captain Battine, who continued Henderson's work, of the Wilderness campaign:

"Even the glories of the campaign of France in 1814 and Fredericks' wonderful defiance of his enemies in the seven years war, pale before Lee's astonishing performance."

"There can be no question that what Lee did in the matter of choosing between Washington and Virginia was done purely from the point of view of conscience. He was doing his duty as he saw it and doing it with reluctance and not with any view of benefit of aggrandizement to himself. No man saw better than he the probable issue of the struggle."

"The predominance of duty, not only in the supreme decision but in most other phases of Lee's life, has been so much emphasized that there was some danger of his being exalted to an altitude of disagreementable priggishness, as Washington used to be—but he was no prig, he was human. Above all he had the human grace of laughter—ambition? We had forgotten ambition. Ambition would have led him to command of the Northern armies. Politics was not his province. He would do his own work and nothing more."

The Drinkwater play opens in Richmond, Va., November 5th, and after playing Norfolk and Washington goes to a New York Theatre.

A Virginian named Collier has built an internal combustion engine that, he says, applies the power of the motor directly to the rim of the wheel without the intervention of a piston. He believes that it will triple the efficiency of automobile engines and enable a motor car to run fifty or sixty miles on a gallon of gasoline. Mr. Collier's engine has one spark plug, no pistons, no crank shaft and no gears. It has only 117 parts, whereas even the simplest of automobile engines have hitherto had more than three hundred.

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The Youths' Companion.

If our ears hurt us we grow like a dog with a sore ear.

Samuel De Champlain and the Indians

One of the best known and best loved Frenchmen who migrated to Canada in those early days, was Samuel Champlain.

In those days he won the name of "the father of New France," and what he did for young Canada has been told in many ways. Even yet, we hear echoes of his deeds and his name. In Lower Canada we find a beautiful lake bearing his name, because he first found it out; and there, too, is pointed out Champlain Street and Champlain Market, spots where in early days the great French had his home.

Champlain was an explorer. That is, he was a man who dearly loved to wander over all parts of the country, and find out all about it. He was a brave soldier, and very fond of adventures. When he came to the new country he wanted to travel all the great lakes and rivers, and try to find a path through the new world which would lead him into the old world.

But there was another great thing he hoped to do. He had a great love and pity for the poor red men, whose lives seemed to him to be so unhappy. They did not believe in his God, for one thing, and when he came to live amongst them he hoped to be able to make them good men and lovers of the true God.

But he soon found that work among the Indians was very hard work.

To begin with, all the red men living in wigwams were not good friends. We saw before that the different tribes were always fighting with each other. Now the strongest of these tribes, the ones which had the most power, were the Iroquois, or Five Nations.

These were very brave, fierce Indians, and they were always ready for war. They never spared any one, but rushed on their enemies with raised tomahawks, ready to do their worst.

The other tribes of Indians, mostly those called Hurons and Algonquins, were in great fear of these savage Iroquois, who showed neither pity nor fear.

When Champlain came to Canada to build up homes for all who cared to live in the new land, he tried at once to find the Indian villages which Cartier had visited.

But not a trace of Stadacona or Hochelaga could be seen. They had all been burned and ruined by the wars of the Iroquois.

Quite near to where the village of Stadacona had been, Champlain tried to start a new village. The place he picked out to build his fort was called by the Indians living around it "Kebec," meaning "a narrow place." Just at this point the great river St. Lawrence does become narrow, so the new village got its name Quebec.

Here Champlain set his men to clear away the thick trees and build a fort. This he called his home; here he made himself a garden, with flowers and vegetables in it, and here, some time afterwards, he brought his wife, Helen Champlain.

For four or five years this kind gentle lady from France lived in wild, stormy Canada. We remember her now by the name of an island near Montreal, called Helen's Isle, after the wife of Champlain.

She was very good, and brave,

too, and won the hearts of the rough Indians. She loved to teach the squaws and their children.

The Indians round there were friendly to Champlain, and were very pleased with the lovely, white lady, his wife.

Like other French ladies of her time, she always carried a little mirror hung at her waist. The Indians would crowd round her, peering into it, to see their own faces. Then they said to each other that the white lady must love them very much, for she carried their pictures so close to her all the time.

The Huron and Algonquin Indians came to trust Champlain very much. They felt that he was their friend, and they asked him to visit their part of the country. They were

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday. In the best paper for deaf-mutes intended, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-holding sun,
That wrong is also done to us.
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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\$500 Drive

At the banquet arranged under the auspices of the Greater New York Branch of the National Association of the Deaf, in honor of the one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, one of the many speeches made was the report of the committee in charge of the "Gallaudet Statue Fund." A copy of the Statue of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet at Gallaudet College, is to be erected in Hartford, Ct.

The committee is headed by Dr. Thomas F. Fox. The total amount needed is five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00). The committee have on hand four thousand five hundred (\$4,500.00), so the balance is only five hundred dollars (\$500.00).

A special committee was appointed to help speed up the work and raise the extra five hundred dollars (\$500.00) before December 10th, 1923, so that the statue may be erected at the earliest date possible.

The special committee appointed is as follows:

MR. HARRY A. GILLEN, Chairman, 416 West 215 Street, New York City.

MISS VIRGINIA B. GALLAUDET, Treasurer, 35 West 64 Street, New York City.

MR. JOHN O'BRIEN, 1003-38 Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MISS ANNA KLAUS, 428 East 159 Street, Bronx, N. Y.

MR. CHARLES SCHATZKIN, 1 Beekman Street, New York City.

NEW YORK.

New items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTE'S JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal or card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

REGAN ORAL CLUB

On October 27th, Regan Oral Club, composed mostly of graduates of the Day Gallandet School, held their first anniversary dinner at the Carroll Club. About twenty-six people were present, including members and a few teachers of the school, who were guest for the evening.

This banquet, the first of number to be held every year, was indeed a success.

Mr. Edward Farry presented Harry Hersch on behalf of the Regan Oral Club, a pair of solid gold cuff links, as a token of esteem for his wonderful work as a former first president the past year.

The officers of the Regan Oral Club are: Mr. Edward Farry, President; Josephine Donnelly, Vice-President; Ruth Kievit, Secretary; Edna Merkel, Treasurer, and Freda Goldwasser, Financial Secretary.

CHARLES D. NEWTON DEAD.

Mr. Charles D. Newton, Sr., formerly of Newark Valley, N. Y., died October 26th at 2 A.M., at the home of his son, Charles, Jr., 575 West 17th Street, New York City, of bronchial pneumonia.

Charles D. Newton was born in Owego, N. Y., on February 1st, 1860, and was a graduate of the New York Institution (Fanwood), where he learned the printing trade under Edwin Allan Hodgson, M.A.

For many years after graduating Mr. Newton was an employee of the Owego Daily Record. For the past eighteen months he was associated with the J. D. McGuire Press, Inc., New York City, of which his son Charles, Jr., is superintendent.

Mr. Newton is survived by five sons: Charles D., Jr., of New York City; George A., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur, Edward and Harry, of Chicago, Ill.; three grand children, mother (81 years old), two sisters, Mrs. James Nicoll, of Johnson City, N. Y.; Mrs. C. H. Barton, of Owego, N. Y., and one brother, George A. Abbott, of Newark Valley, N. Y.

Funeral services were held Monday, October 29th, from the Chapel of the Church of Intercession, 155th Street and Broadway, New York City, and interment at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Westchester, N. Y.

H. A. D.

"From the Four Corners of the Globe" was the subject of an absorbing sermon delivered by Rev. A. J. Amateau at the Friday evening services, November 2d. His sermon delivered was unusually clear-cut and effective, holding the rapt attention of the large audience until the end.

A new choir has been organized and the congregation was pleasantly surprised. Messrs. Charles Sussman, Leon Wincig and Louis Uhberg rendered the 23d Psalm, while Mrs. H. Criswell and Miss Sallie E. Karten gave the closing hymn.

This Friday, the 9th, Rev. Amateau will speak on "Sportsmanship." Members and their friends are invited to attend.

Rev. John H. Kent entertained on Sunday evening, the 4th, with several stories dealing with "Discipline," rendered in his usual inimitable style.

HALLOWEEN PARTY

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Nies celebrated All Hallowe'en Eve at their home in Riverdale October 31st. The attic of their large house proved to be a suitable place for the event, and was accordingly decorated with orange crepe paper and with real leaves and boughs from the neighboring woods.

Black cats and pumpkin heads and other Hallowe'en paraphernalia were in evidence, as well as apples, cider and peanuts.

The social gathering was enlivened by games such as carrying chestnuts on a knife blade, spearing cherries with a toothpick, "Going to Jerusalem," and trying to roll a hoop through the portals of a narrow door.

During the first moments of the evening the guests were masked as they came in, with Ku Klux hoods made out of paper.

The attic was fortified at first with an oil heater, which was soon dispensed with and put out of the way as no inconvenience was felt among the guests.

The evening was too short for all the conversation and acquaintance-renewing and frolicking desired. At the stroke of twelve, when the black cats and other supernatural powers went on strike, the company invaded the dining-room and parlor downstairs, where refreshments were served from the gayly-decorated and heavily-loaded dining-room table.

The following is the list of hobgoblins, who were present, with

their bewitching lady companions: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. H. Beuerman, Miss Beatrice Beuerman, Dr. and Mrs. E. Lacroix, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kretschmer, Mr. and Mrs. Osmund Loew, Mr. and Mrs. P. Kemff, Mr. and Mrs. John Funk, Mr. and Mrs. Mannie Kaminsky, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gledhill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Williams; Misses Emily Adams, Florence Lewis, Doris Ballance, Alice Atkinson, Bella Puerin, and Cecile Hunter, Messrs. K. Muir, J. Fitzgerald, C. Schatzkin, Henry Peairs, S. Arthur Nies and G. Braddock.

On Wednesday, October 31st, Miss Mariba Meyer, a graduate of the Lexington Avenue Institution, was married to Mr. Chris Newman, who received his education at the Westchester School. After the ceremony a reception was held. Many relatives and friends of both the bride and groom were present, among whom ten were deaf-mutes. They received many beautiful presents.

Johnny Shea, is again in politics on the Democratic side, heretofore. He has a circular out with a plea for the silent vote to be given a half dozen candidates at the election Tuesday of this week. Will his men win? "Sure" says Johnny. In his heyday, Johnny Shea and Tammany Leader Murphy played ball on the same team.

This way or that Charley Schindler is a good winner or loser. Whether re-elected President of No 23 or relegated to the ranks, Charley continues a Frat. Some thing to boast about, the passing of the half million mark, by the N. F. S. D.

The mother of Mrs. Isaac Goldberg recently celebrated her 91st birthday. With mind active and health good, her reaching the century milestone is anticipated.

Miss Rose Farber and Mr. Solomon Merlis were married on Sunday, October 28th.

Detroit Doings.

We regret to announce the retirement of our versatile correspondent and hustler in the person of our Mrs. C. C. Colby, after more than a score and ten years of an excellent service. She was compelled to retire on her doctor's orders as she has rather overworked herself. We all sincerely hope she will have a complete rest and restoration to good health. She is planning to go to Washington, D. C., next week and stay with her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Vernier until next Spring. Bon voyage and good luck to you, Mrs. Colby.

A pretty wedding was solemnized, Sunday afternoon, September 23d, at Groveland Farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Bailey, at Gaylord, when their daughter, Leila May, was given in holy wedlock to Mr. Joseph Pastori, of Detroit. The young couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Porter, the latter being a sister of the bride. Two little tots (nieces of the bride) acted as flower girl and ring bearer. Elder Allen Schrein officiated at the ceremony. The home was attractively decorated in a color scheme of yellow and white and autumn leaves of pretty hues.

Following the ceremony a bounteous wedding dinner was served the guests, who composed the relatives and close friends of the family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pastori after honeymooning in Grayling, came to Detroit, where they will make their home.

All Detroit deaf wish the popular young couple a successful voyage in the matrimonial sea.

About thirty people gathered at the Rheiner's house in honor of Mr. Rheiner's birthday. They played several good old fashioned games, and later partook of excellent refreshments.

Mr. Nelson rendited a beautiful poem, "Nearer God to Thee," and Mrs. Rollins entitled the party with a "Mother's Soldier" song. The guests departed for homes, and they sure had an excellent time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ornstein, of 526 E Hancock Avenue, gave a linen shower party to Mr. and Mrs. M. Pernick, on October 27th. The house was decorated in a Hallowe'en color scheme. All the friends of the family attended. The newly-weds were the recipients of several beautiful gifts. They all enjoyed the party. The couple has the wishes of their many Detroit friends for a happy married life.

Reno Arrowsmith sneaked to Oakland, Illinois, and brought back a charming bride in the person of Miss Elsie Rice. They were married by a hearing priest there, October 20th. Best wishes for a happy married life.

Mr. John Ulrich had a surprise birthday party at her house, October 13th. Received several nice presents. An excellent spread was enjoyed by all those present. The affair was ably engineered by Mrs. S. Goth.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Heymann invited about fifty people together in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pas-

tori. Many beautiful and useful gifts were showered upon the popular young couple. They also received a beautiful tea set. Games were played to the enjoyment of all those present, and an appetizing and lovely refreshments were served to the guests. They reported a most enjoyable evening.

A sad mishap occurred some time ago, when Mr. Gatton tried to catch a car to work Monday morning, when he was hit by a truck. He was hurriedly brought to a Mt. Clemens Sanitarium where he is resting comfortably. His head was cut with a big gash. Mrs. Gatton never suspected that accident until the evening when her husband did not return home from work, and became somewhat alarmed.

Upon inquiry at police headquarters, she hurried to Mt. Clemens and found him there. At the present time he is recovering rapidly.

Mrs. Petrimoux gave birth to a baby-girl, weighing eight pounds on the 3d of October. Mother and babe both are doing nicely.

An unusually large crowd attended the services at the St. John's Parish House last Sunday. Mr. Zhao Fong Hsia, of Ning Po, China, gave an interesting talk concerning the conditions in the Far East, where he reports that there are about two hundred thousand uneducated deaf in the struggling re-public.

He is touring this country with the view of acquiring the knowledge of the American methods of teaching the deaf before going back to his country to take up his work. He did not learn sign language except fingers spelling. He expects to depart November 29th, and he says the trip will take him about four weeks to reach his destination. He hopes to reach home Christmas Eve. Some one in the audience inquired of him as to the source of the pig tails that had been worn by the Chinese. He said that when the Chinese conquered the Siberian army long ago, they raised pig tails as a sort of celebrating their victory. He is an interesting young man.

The write will strive to make the contribution from the Detroit district interesting to all the readers. He earnestly solicit your unlimited co-operation.

Season's greetings to all the readers.

THE WELLS DUET.

OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

November 3, 1923—The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society held the fiftieth in the Girls' Recreation Hall of the School Saturday afternoon and evening last, and held it tightly too from beginning till the end.

The weather favored them and hence the attendance was large, while some old faces at the gathering were missing, their absence was more than made up by new faces or those who have seldom made their presence known. There were several newly wedded couples on hand too.

The interior of the hall and booths were decked of the Hallowe'en decoration's variety, and were very attractive. The cider booth aside its other decorations had a shock of corn, covering the cider barrel and surrounded with pumpkins. Some of the latter were given away as prizes to those who held lucky tickets. There was a good sale of the drink at five cents a glass. The other booths had a rushing time during the evening, while the self-service restaurant was eaten out long before the time came to close up 9:30. The menu was varied, appetizing, and the things that tickle the palate at a reasonable price. We were informed that about \$250 were taken in from sales, that the expenses were small, as many of the articles were donated, so the society expects to clear \$200 more or less.

One of the features of the evening was the masquerade parade, while it was not a long line, yet the characters assumed were for the most part fine with a mixture of the comical whimsical.

The prize-winners were: Girls, prettiest, Gladys Morrison and Helen Brushwood; most original, Evelyn Sayre. Boys: Handsomest, Lucas Terrier, and most original, Jacob Offenburger.

The above were each awarded \$1.50.

Coupon prizes: Mrs. Keller, prize, set of six doilies; Harvey Weller and Oliver Flanders, of Tiffin, prizes, box of candy each.

Those in attendance out-of-town were: Steven Leskosky and William Robb, of Bellaire; Mr. and Mrs. Harley Goetz, Mrs. Deavers and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. John Wiggenhorn and son, Emmet Burst and Misses Glasser and Zerfoss, all of Dayton; Harry Small, Howard Weber, John Schild Roy Craig, of Mansfield; Clarence Hill, Jesse C. Andes, Herman Talleau and Harry Wickham, of Toledo; Harvey and Calvin Weller from near Canton; Mr. and Mrs. Wm Morehouse with their

seven months old child, just a sweet dear, of Cygnets; Mr. and Mrs. Fred of Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. Emma Harris and Paul Hahn of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. Merchant, Mrs. Landen and Huebner, of Marion; John W. Eckert, of New Philadelphia; Mrs. Stokes and Mrs. McMurry, of Springfield; Clyde Bennett, Coshocton; Miss Maria Shatzeloff, Delaware; John Fox, Newark, and Oliver Flanders, Tiffin.

There may have been several others we did not meet.

Rev. Henry J. Pulver, of Washington, D. C., conducted services in Wheeling, West Va., Friday evening, and next day showed up here. Mr. MacGregor took him up to the Home for Deaf Saturday, which place he had often read about and was anxious to see what the Ohio deaf were doing in the way of caring for their aged, and infirm brothers and sisters. Well, he came, he saw and left with an impression of surprise that the Home is far beyond of what he had expected to find in size, location, condition and management. It is a lovely place he thought.

Saturday evening, Rev. Pulver attended the social given by the Ladies' Aid Society, and thus had an opportunity to meet and mingle with a number of Ohio deaf.

Sunday morning, he conducted services in Trinity Chapel with a large attendance, and in the afternoon he gave the service to the pupils of the schools. At both places his talk was appreciated, for his style of delivery is clear and readily comprehended.

Rev. Pulver was a guest of the Zeils at Grandview in the evening for tea to which had also been invited Mr. and Mrs. Zorn, Mr. and Miss MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Greener. Before and after the meal social talk was the chief feature. He left Monday morning for Huntington, West Va., where he was to hold services for the deaf in the evening.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co., on Cleveland Avenue, this city, has at present these deaf employees: Ralph Ogden, Fred Sutton, Charles Miller, Sam Lanham, Chester Sampson, Elmer McVicker and Thomas Liller. During vacation there were several girls employed there also.

October 25th, 1923, his Majesty, Stork, left Doris Ann, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Probert for them to raise.

The High Class girls gave a haloween supper Friday evening, in the Domestic Science room, to which they invited the male members of the class. Superintendent and Mrs. Jones and Mr. LaFountaine. Their teachers, Miss Frost, Messrs. Wine miller and Odebrecht chaperoned them. After the meal Mr. LaFountaine led them down to the gymnasium, which they found beautifully festooned, and where for sometime they tripped the light fantastic, winding up with ice cream and cake.

A. B. G.

PHILADELPHIA.

(News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.)

At the regular meeting of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., on Friday evening November 2d, the following nominations of candidates for office were made:

For President: Joseph V. Donohue, James Foster; for Vice-President, Jacob Goldstein, Fred Greiner; Secretary, James F. Brady; Treasurer, William L. Davis; Director, William Margolis, Robert Young; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Cain; Trustee, James Foster. The election of officers will be held at the December meeting, also the month when to elect one or more delegates to the St. Paul Convention next year.

On November 24th, the Division will hold a Balloon and Fish Night at the Grand Fraternity Building, and on December 31st, a ball masque.

Bertha and Edith Kauffman, of Sondersburg, had a surprise party in honor of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Kauffman on their 25th wedding anniversary, October 11th. There were 55 people present to surprise them. By arrangement Mrs. Jacob Lupolt, of Coatesville, took Mrs. Kauffman to Lancaster to take tea with her sister-in-law. Shortly after supper they both left home and arrived there at 8:20. She unlocked the door and turned on the light as usual, but to her great surprise, she found the room full of people. It was also finely decorated. She received many beautiful gifts of silver and money which were appreciated.

Lunch was served to all present; the ice-cream was served in a variety of fruit forms, such as apples, pears, grapes, oranges, etc., delicious candies made by Miss Edith Kauffman were also served, and a small box trimmed with white flowers and containing nuts were given to each one present as memento of the anniversary. Needlers to say, the affair was greatly enjoyed by all present.

A letter from Daniel Carter says that Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Carter's son was married to Miss Edna Eby, of Goshen, Pa., on the 11th of October. They are now on a trip

to Ohio to visit relatives for two weeks. They will go to housekeeping next Spring on the farm of Mr. Rohrer's parents, who have recently purchased a home at Greenland and will move there. Their friends wish the couple a happy and prosperous life. On their return home a reception will be given.

Miss Esther Etter, the nine years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Etter, of Lancaster, was gladdened by the receipt of many birthday cards on her last birthday, October 20th.

Beth Israel Association for the Deaf has been requested to take charge of the Fish Pond at a grand bazaar to be held in the week beginning November 19th, under the auspices of the Daughters of Beth Israel, at the Temple of Beth Israel.

The Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D. will hold its adjourned meeting on November 19th, some what later than was first proposed.

Mrs. M. L. Haight, of New York City, is sojourning in Philadelphia as a guest of Mrs. M. J. Syle.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Haeseler turned up at a recent meeting of the Clerc Literary Association, after a long absence from the city.

The elder sister of Mrs. Chas. M. Pennell died recently, and she has our sympathy.

The Atlantic Refinery employees had a beauty contest recently, and our James L. Patterson was selected as one of the most handsome employees. A cut of Mr. Patterson appeared among others in the Atlantic Seal, the monthly paper of the Refinery.

The Philadelphia Local Branch P. S. A. D., elected the following officers for the current year on October 20th: President, Geo. T. Sanders; Vice President, Mrs. Helen R. Smith; Secretary, Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders; Treasurer, Harry F. Smith.

Mr. Charles Partington, of this place, attended the banquet of the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society, in Commemoration of its 30th anniversary, at Newark, on Saturday, November 3d. He returned home on Monday. Mr. Partington was one of the original members of the Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Campbell are living in their Philadelphia home since the first of October. Their little farm near Doylestown is for sale, but while waiting for a purchaser, they are renting it for a couple of years. Mr. Campbell was quite ill during the summer, but she is about again.

The Strand Theatre of Doylestown gave two benefit performances for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf recently.

The Annual Masquerade Ball

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
DETROIT DIVISION, No. 2
N. F. S. D.

At the G. A. R. Building

Grand River Ave., cor. Cass. 4th floor
(opposite the Detroit Creamery Co. Bldg.)

Saturday Evening, Nov. 10, 1923

Music — Cash Prizes — Refreshments

Tickets, (including wardrobe) 60c.

S. A. GOTHE, Chairman
Walter F. Carl Chas. E. Drake
John D. Ulrich C. E. V. Ozier
Arthur E. E. Alex Lobstinger
Fred Affeldt Clyde R. Barnett
Rudolph Huhn Ell Blumenthal

A Laugh from Beginning to End

MR JIGGS

An Original Comedy
From the celebrated Cartoons
"Bringing up Father."

AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street
NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening,
December 8, 1923

ADMISSION, - - - 35 CENTS
RESERVED SEATS - - - 50 CENTS

INVESTMENT BONDS
Paying 4½ to 8% per annum
DENOMINATIONS IN
\$100 \$500 \$1000
Interest payable semi-annually

Preferred Stocks of high-grade quality. You can buy 1, 2, 3, 5, or 10 shares from \$87.50 up per share, paying 6% and 7% per annum.

Checks for dividends mailed every three months.

Enquiries invited.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
Investment Bonds
18 West 107th Street
NEW YORK CITY
Telephone: Academy 4380

Correspondent of
LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.



Wanted
Room for a business woman, convenient to Subway, modern home privileges. Reasonable. Address: S. Care DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., President-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Goldstein, Lay Reader.
Miss Battie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:30 P.M.
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.
Society meetings, teas, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

BASKETBALL & DANCE

GIVEN BY THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League



AT THE

Twenty-second Engineer's Armory

Broadway and 168th Street

Saturday Evening, January 5, 1924

DOORS OPEN AT 7:30 P.M.

TICKETS. - (Including Tax) - 75 CENTS

[Particulars later]

\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

FOR ORIGINAL COSTUMES

GRAND MASK BALL

— OF —

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19th, 1924

AT BRONX CASTLE HALL

149th Street and Walton Avenue
Above Mott Avenue Subway Station

TICKETS
ONE DOLLAR

MUSIC BY
IMPERIAL ORCHESTRA

LARGE FRAT PENNANT TO DIVISION
MOSTLY REPRESENTED

(Division Members will please write their name and Division on back of ticket)

COMMITTEE

Jack M. Ebin, Chairman
Fred C. Berger Louis Saracino William J. Hansen
Edward J. Malloy Joseph Collins Edward J. Zearo
Frank Rubano

15th ANNIVERSARY

MASQUERADE & BALL

under the auspices of

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

Saturday Eve February 2d 1924

(Particulars Later.)

GRAND BAZAAR

auspices of the Ladies of

The Hebrew Association of the Deaf

— AT —

S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

Wednesday evening, - December 12th
Thursday " " 13th
Saturday " " 15th
Sunday p.m. & " 16th

PROCEEDS FOR THE BUILDING FUND

Please Come!

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

Mrs. Moses W. Loew, Chairman
Mrs. Henry Plapinger, Vice-Chairman
Mrs. Joseph C. Sturtz, Secretary
Mr. Adi Flegenheimer, Treasurer
Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner
Mrs. Daniel Wasserman

Mrs. Max Miller
Mrs. Samuel Greenberg
Mrs. Seymour Gomprecht
Miss Anne Hamburger
Mr. Lester J. Hyams

RESERVED FOR THE NEW YORK BRANCH N. A. D.

Saturday Night, March 1, 1924

Particulars Later

SECOND ANNUAL

EUCHRE AND RECEPTION

GIVEN BY

New York Council No. 2

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF DE L'EPEE

AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER HALL

122 West 17th St., Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y. City

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1923

Prizes for Players and Non-Players. Cards at 8:15 P.M.

ADMISSION 50c EACH Without Ticket

With Ticket 75c EACH

Show this to your friends. Tell them they can obtain tickets from any member, or address the Chairman,

W. F. DALY,

Box 1, College Point, L. I.

FIRST

ANNUAL

FAIR

St. Thomas' Mission to the Deaf

NEWARK, N. J.

Proceeds for the Building Fund

EAGLES' HALL—28 East Park Street

November 8th, 9th and 10th

Thursday—Opening of the Fair by a prominent gentleman, at 3 P.M. Scotch Troupe in the evening.

Friday—Whist and Pinocchio Party for prizes.

Saturday—Open at 1 P.M. Music and dance in the evening. Special refreshments from 5 P.M.

R. M. ROBERTSON, General Chairman

Mrs. T. Little Mrs. R. Robertson Mr. W. Pease
Mrs. W. Pease Mrs. J. Ward Mr. C. Cascella
Mrs. F. Hering Mrs. C. Cascella Mr. F. Hering
Mrs. G. Witschel Mrs. F. Hopbaugh Mr. A. L. Thomas

Mr. F. Hopbaugh Mr. G. H. Hummel

To REACH THE HALL—From New York and Jersey City: Take Hudson and Manhattan tube to Newark, and walk one block along Park Place to East Park Street.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

NO BALL ON DECEMBER 1, 1923.

"The Lyceum" in which we would have held our Ball, notified us that this building will be closed immediately by order of the Building Department on account of structural faults.

We regret very much that our affair of December 1st, is called off till further notice.

Any tickets that have been sold will be refunded immediately.

Please inform your friends that there will be no Ball on December 1st, under our auspices.

MOSES W. LOEW, Chairman,
Committee on Arrangements.
Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D.

MASQUERADE BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Jersey City Division, No. 91

N. F. S. D.

— AT —

PALACE GARDEN

412 WASHINGTON ST., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Saturday Evening, February 16, 1924

Particulars Later.

ATLANTA CONVENTION

N. A. D. FILMS

AND

SOCIAL

"SUDDEN JIM"—5 reel, Featur-

ing Charles Ray and a Comedy

under auspices of

GREATER NEW YORK BRANCH,

N. A. D.

Wednesday evening,

November 28th, 1923

(Thanksgiving Eve)

AT THE S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

CHRISTMAS SALE

AND BAZAAR

for the benefit of

St. Elizabeth's Home for Deaf

Working Girls

to be held

The Home, 226 East 15th Street,

New York

Friday, Saturday and Sunday,

December 14th, 15th and 16th.

Three Days only, 7:30 to 10 P.M.

Useful and fancy Articles of

every Description, suitable

for Christmas Gifts.

Refreshments

Dancing

Leather Bound.....\$1.00
Paper Cloth Cover.....\$.50

Add all orders with money order.

Mr. S. C. Carnes, Home Mission Board,

1004 Healey Building, Atlanta, Georgia.

Very respectfully yours,

J. W. MICHAELS.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf.

Will answer all calls.

J. W. MICHAELS,

Fort Smith, Ark.

W. P. A. S.

Will present an

Advertisement Tableaux

On Saturday, November 17, 1923

TICKETS, - - - 35 CENTS

Theatrical Entertainment

GIVEN BY THE

BLUE BIRD CLUB

AT

S. W. J. D. BUILDING

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